ÆSOP

AT

Epsom:

Or, a few

Select Fables

In VERSE.

By a Cit.

The Second Edition.

London: Printed for, and Sold by *John Nutt*, near Stationers-Hall, 1698.

15476.252*

HARVARD COLLEGE
AUG 19 1918
LIBRARY

Lane Fund

To his Excellency *Charles Montague* Esq; one of the Lords Justices for the Administration of publick Affairs during the *Kings* absence, first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

SIR,

THO' *a Present of* Fables *to Your Excellency the inimitable Author of the* COUNTRY MOUSE, *and* CITY-MOUSE, *may at this time seem improper: Yet a Present of* Loyalty *to*

the ſame Government, which You have been ſo Studious and ſucceſsful in the preſervation of, cannot but carry its Acceptance with it. That Liberty which Your Excellency *gave the World ſo ſweet a taſt of in Your moſt incomparable* Fable, *and which afterwards You was ſo inſtrumental in continuing to us, is in part the Subject of* theſe. *And as* Æſop at Tunbridge, *by* feign'd *and* ſurreptitious *Fables ſeems to bewail the change of the late Government, ſo* Æſop at Epſom *with* real *and* genuine *rejoyceth at the Eſtabliſhment of this. Sir, Your Excellency's great Example has ſuch a prevailing influence, as to make the meaneſt Subject ſolicitous for the Publick Good, and to ſee that* Revolution *become the ſubject of* Satyr,

which

which has giv'n such opportunities for Panegyric, (*and whose* Royal Author *has had such immortal Commendations from Your* Excellency's *the best of Pens*) *could not but add very much to my Resentments in the following Papers. But, Sir, to give no further interruption to a Gentleman whose very* Leisure *is employ'd for the publick Safety, I shall not encroach upon Your time any further than to beg Your Acceptance of this* poor Entertainment, *which shall make me add to my Endeavours of approving my self in a more substantial way,*

Sir,

Your Excellency's

most Obedient Servant.

ÆSOP AT Epſom.

FAB. I.

Of the Fox, and the Stork.

A Subtil Fox well practis'd in deſign,
Invites a Stork, that He with him will dine,
A match, ſays Stork, Sir Reynard it's agreed,
And home He goes, and much reſolv'd to feed,

Nothing will ſerve, but that *He's ſure the Beaſt*
Will ſoon repent He'd brought Him for a Gueſt,
His Stomach was ſo empty, and ſo great,
Zounds! He himſelf ſhould finiſh all the treat.
Fox ſmiles, and in his *Cubs* the Dinner bring,
Soop, and *Pottage*, a Banquet for a King.
Fall on, my gueſt, ſaid Fox, and down he pour's
The liquid Feaſt which He himſelf devours.
Dear Stork, He crys, *'Slife Child, why doſt not Peck,*
The Stork he Stretches, and extends his neck.
But nothing can get up within His Bill,
While Reynard licks it up, and Eats his fill;
At length perceiving how he had been ſerv'd,
He homeward Stalks, or He muſt elſe have Starv'd;
But Mindfull of the Fox his empty Treat,
Sends to Invite Him to a diſh of Meat.
The Fox not thinking Storks had had the ſenſe
To mind affronts, or take the leaſt offence,

Took him at's word, and ſaid, Sir Stork content,
I'll ſee what Houſe you keep, and Home wi'him *went*.
The Table Spread, and every thing compleat,
That might put Fox in mind He was to eat:
Two ſervant Storks upon the Table plac'd
A Narrow long-neck'd Glaſs which held the Feaſt;
Lampreys and Eels within it might be ſeen,
The Glaſs was ſo tranſparent and ſo clean,
When Stork, *Sans ceremony, Sir, begin,*
You ſee your entertainment here within,
I'll ſhew the way; and in his Beak he thruſt
Whil'ſt Reynard try'd in vain, and trying curs'd.
Lord, ſaid the Stork, *are you a Beaſt of thought,*
And yet no Broth, or Soop, or Pottage brought?
I'd e'en fetch ſome, and fill the Veſſel up,
And all the burthen of their ſong
You then, although You could not eat, might ſup.

MORAL.

The Application ſoon is made
By any that's a Reader,
One in his turn the Fool has play'd,
And whoſe turn's now conſider:
The *Tunbridge Æſop* firſt has given
The Town a Diſh of Meat,
And faith, to make the Talli'es even,
Epſom ſhould alſo treat.

FAB. II.

Of the Lamb and the Wolf.

A Wolf as He look'd out for prey,
And went in ſearch of food,
Perceiv'd a Lamb and Goat in's way
Come jogging on the Road.

Mutton

Mutton He lov'd, but did not dare
Faſten on that He Spy'd,
Whilſt *Hircus* with his horns was there,
And thus to part them try'd.
Home from this beaſt, for ſhame, Sir Lamb,
It greives my very Soul,
To See You leave a Noble Dam,
And walk with Goat ſo foul.
A Goat! fye on't, the very worſt
Of all the Brutal Race;
A Stinking Animal and curs'd,
The woods, and fields diſgrace.
Hearkyou, ſaid Lamb, *I plainly know*
Whom You Your tricks would put on,
And what You mean by gaping ſo,
Poor Wolf! he wants ſome Mutton.
I thank you for th' Advice you lend,
And wonder not you ſhou'd

me much better than my friend,
Since I am better Food.

MORAL.

So when the Wars broke out at firſt,
And France prepar'd for fighting,
Lord! how her Mighty Monarch curs'd
The Dutch and us uniting!
Per Dieu, ſaid he, the Britiſh Race
Of Heroes once the chief
Joyn with a Land ſo curſed Baſe,
And ask of them relief!
But had his aim ſucceſsful been
And us from them remov'd,
We then the ſad Effects had ſeen,
And Fables moral prov'd.

FAB. III.

BEtwixt the Sun and Wind, aroſe
A quarrel like to end in blows
If both of 'm had not rather choſe
A fitting Mediator:
It ſeems that this contention grew
From which was Strongeſt of the two
And down their VVagers ſtrait they threw
Thus to decide the matter.
By chance a Traveller came by,
And both with one united cry,
On Him let us our forces try
To finiſh the diſpute:
He that the firſt a way could find
To make him leave his Cloak behind

Should win; *it's done, agreed,* ſaid Wind,
Said Sun, *content, I'll do't.*
When Boreas ſummon'd every blaſt,
And at Him all his fury caſt,
But flinging round his Cloak, he paſs'd
And forwarded his journey:
Sol ſmiles, and gath'ring all his Rays,
Sure of the conqueſt and the Bays,
I'll make You quit your Cloak, he ſays,
Or elſe by God I'll burn ye.
Straight Paſſinger began to ſweat,
Enrag'd and troubled with the heat,
And in a moſt confounded Pett,
At laſt flung off the Garment
Boreas, ſaid Sol, *See yonder Cloak,*
The Wagers Won and Thou art broke,
And up in haſt The Stakes He took,
And that was all the harm in't.

MORAL

MORAL.

Thus bluſtring Kings like Boreas often fail;
Whilſt others like the Conqu'ring Sun prevail:
Numbers may fright, and diſmal fancies raiſe,
But what can Numbers in improper ways?
Whilſt at Compeign Extended armies Shine,
And France her infant Princes fight, and dine,
Whilſt Boufflers treats the Ladies with a Song,
And Duke de Berry learns the Spaniſh Tongue,
A Prince at Cell, who Seemingly appears
Thoughtleſs of Arms ſince now releas'd from *Wars*:
Amid'ſt his Sports, ſhall fit Expedients find
To cheat the dangers by their Arms deſign'd,
And one poor Hunting Match perhaps may break
The Meaſures which their fam'd Encampments take.

FAB.

FAB. IV.

Of the Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter in time of VVar
VVas in the Battle taken;
And Dead almoſt with very fear,
Try'd thus to ſave his Bacon.
Dear Sirs, if guiltleſs Actions ſave,
Or Innocence ſecures,
From you the grant of Life I crave,
Who ne'er endanger'd yours.
Nor Sword, nor Muſquet have I born,
Or any other Weapon worn
Than what is in my hand:
This Trumpet never gave a wound,
Or utter'd any thing but empty ſound,
And that too by command.

Off with the Dog, and fetch the Rope,
Said Enemy, *and tye Him up,*
A Villain! never ſpare him.
Zounds! That ſame Inſtrument is worſe
Than Sword, and Gun, and every Curſe;
And we've moſt cauſe to fear him,
Since from his blaſts, theſe wounds at firſt proceed,
By which ſo many Thouſands of us bleed.

MORAL.

So crys an Author who has ſpent his ſpleen,
VVhat harm can ſilly *Fables* mean?
Or how can *Faction* takes its birth,
From a few Tales, and unprovoking Mirth?
They may perhaps delight,
But reſt aſſur'd they'll never fight,
The Beaſts I treat of cannot plot
Or traffick in Sedition: what of that?

VVhen

VVhen if he rail'd like *O---ts*, like *S*... fought,
Curs'd like a Man at *Sam*'s, like *M*--- thought,
All join'd together ne'er was able
To ſhew the malice of one ſingle Fable.

FAB. V.

Of the Apple and the Horſe-Turd.

AN Apple falling from a Tree
Which near a River ſtood,
With Horſe-Turd in his Company
Was ſailing down the Flood.
When Turd ambitious to diſcourſe
A thing ſo much above it,
VVould into Converſation force
As down the River drove it.
Lord! Madam, what a pleaſant Stream
Is this in which we ride?

Siſter!

Siſter! How we two Apples ſwim?
The foul *Sirrev'rence* cry'd.

NORAL.

A Threadbare VVriter who per chance
Has not one Farthing paid,
To carry on the VVar with *France*,
Towards the Royal Aid.
Crys, Damn this curs'd confounded Peace,
It Forty Millions coſt,
And *we* could not procure *our* Eaſe
Till All *our* VVealth was loſt.

FAB.

FAB. VI.

Of the Covetous and the Envious Man.

TWO men to *Jove* their prayers made
For ſome kind Earthly bleſſing,
One never ſatisfy'd with what he had,
Tho' rich beyond Expreſſing.
Th' other was envious, nor car'd
What miſchief e're befell Him,
So that His Comrade was not Spar'd,
And what ſhould kill Him, kill him:
Jove Teaz'd with their Petitions, ſent
His Son Apollo to 'em,
To try to give 'em both content,
And know what ſervice He could do 'em.
Ask, ſaid *Apollo*, *friends what e're*
You want th'out further trouble,

And what is ask'd from eithers pray'r
T' other Shall have it double.
With that, the parſimonious Cuff,
For Wealth did loudly call,
Which downward fell, but ne'r enough
For his deſires could fall.
Still as he ask'd, the Riches came,
And doubled on the other,
Tho' Still his prayer was the ſame
Which Still enrich'd his Brother,
Next in his turn, Sir Envy kneel'd,
And with a ble-ful Eye,
Dear Phœbus to my prayer yield
And Hearken to my cry,
Now oh! juſt now thou Pow'r divine
This favour let me find,
Put out this ſingle Eye of mine,
That his may both be blind.

FAB. VII.

Of the Beaver, and the Hunters.

A Beaver being cloſe purſu'd
By Hunters, Horſe, and Hounds;
And neither ſafe, within the Wood
Nor in the open Grounds
'I know full well (and ſtep'd aſide)
'The reaſons why I'm chas'd, he cry'd,
'And much lament the Cauſe,
'My Stones are what they want, and I
'Muſt either part with them, or die
'And glut the Beagles jaws:
With that, though he was loath to part
With things as precious as his heart,
Or with a quiet mind
Surrender up the pride of all his kind,
Yet life was ſweet, and utt'ring forth ſome groans,

Off

Off went his dear beloved Stones,
Which in the Hunters way
The Melancholy beaſt did lay,
Call in the Hounds, the fierce purſuers ſaid,
We've caught the game, and have our markets made;
And taking up the Prize they went
All homeward with content.
Whilſt the Enervate beaſt return'd,
To graze in quiet on the plain:
And never after this misfortune mourn'd,
Or fled from *Hunters* or from *Hounds* again.

MORAL.

If a certain great Prince, had but done as this Beaſt,
And inſtead of each Stone gotten rid of each Prieſt,
He had ſtill bin a King, whom his People had bleſs'd.
But ſince He had rather keep in with *Ned Petre*

And likes Fryers, and Monks for his company fitter
Let him *now* keep his *Stones*, for there's *none* but has

[*better*

FAB. VIII.

The Lion and the Fox.

A Fox, a Lyons Chaplain, when
The Beasts began to cry,
And gather round their Monarchs Den
For Antient *Liberty*;
Said, *may it please my sov'raign Lord,*
Your Subjects are your Slaves,
And if they dare to Speak a word,
Your Throat may be their Graves.
With that the Monarch Wisely smil'd
At good Sir Crapes advice,
And said, *go fetch your youngest child,*
My Stomach's something nice.

Sir, ſaid the Fox, *You'r in the wrong,*
I muſt your pardon crave,
Parſons alone to Jove belong,
And no Controulers have.

MORAL.

So in late times the pulpits rung,
With paſſive *non reſiſtance*,
And all the burthen of their ſong
Was *Duty* and Aſſiſtance:
Life, Wealth, and every thing was due
To Him, who or'e us rul'd,
And VVhilſt that *Cant* they would purſue,
VVe'd All of's E'en been fool'd,
Had not their Churche's Lands been thought
Belonging to the Throne:
And made 'em change their former note,
And what they, ſaid diſown.

FAB. IX.

Of Jupiter, and the Monkey.

JOVE was desirous once to know
VVhat Animal did bear
The handsom'st *off-spring*, or could show
A *little one* most fair.
He summon'd every living thing
Unto a certain place,
To come before him, and to bring
A Pattern of it's Race.
Forthwith each female creature came,
VVhich Air, or Sea, or Earth,
Could for it's proper Tenant claim,
And each produc'd a Sample of it's *birth*.
When as the Pow'rful God was just
Deciding the dispute,

Up to the Throne a *Monkey* thruſt,
A moſt deformed Brute!
And with her *Young one* in her hand
(VVhilſt All the company ſmil'd)
'Vouchſafe great Jove to underſtand
'Mine is the Fineſt *child*:
'Pleaſe you my Liege to view this face,
'How regular and ſweet!
'How well proportion'd every grace!
'And how exact the features meet!
'Surely my Lord can ne're refuſe
'My *Child* and *Me* the Bays.
VVhen Jove for laughing could not *chooſe*:
And all of 'em went their ways.

MORAL.

So *young* Æſop from *Bath*, or *Old* Æſop from *White-*
[*hall*,
May amuſe *Town*, and *Country* with a fab'lous recital,
And in love with themſelves think their own things
[*the beſt*,
Whilſt the *Clergy*, they laugh at, eſcape the dull *Jeſt*:
And all the ſucceſs of each Fable and ſtory
Is to lay down their *own* faults like the *Monkey*
[before ye.

FAB. X.

Of the Hares, and the Frogs.

A Time was fix'd when Hares ſhould meet,
And for *diſpatch of Buſineſs ſit*,
Without the leaſt delays,

To

To remedy their preſent State,
Or elſe anticipate their Fate
By proper *means* and *ways*.
Strait every Puſs the *Form* forſook,
Which He or She for ſhelter took,
And haſten'd to the place
Which by appointment was deſign'd,
To heal the miſchiefs of their *Kind*,
Or make extinct their *Race*.
The SPEAKER choſe, and *Members* plac'd,
The Houſe reſolv'd it ſelf at laſt
Into a grand Committee:
But what a pother, Lord! they kept?
One ſigh'd, another trembling wept,
'Twould move us all to pity.
At length a *Chief* of high Renown,
And *Ranger* of ſome mighty *Down*,
Firſt ask'd the Houſe's leave:

And then ſtood up, whilſt all the reſt
With ſorrows, and with grief oppreſs'd
Could nothing elſe but grieve.
'Brethren, *ſaid he*, a wretched Race,
'Whom Men, and Dogs, and Eagles chaſe,
'The Sport of the Creation,
'In vain we're thinking to redreſs
'Our Grievances, or make 'em leſs,
'While in this living Station.
'Hounds will for ever be purſuing,
'And Hunters meditating ruine,
'Whilſt we muſt ſtill be flying;
'We'd better (Friends) if I might give
'Advice, this moment ceaſe to live,
'Than always be a dying.
Tho' *Death* is not a thing which ſuits
With conſtitutions of ſuch *Brutes*

As

As *Hares* are of, 'tis certain:
Yet they reſolv'd, with much ado,
To bid the *Groves*, and *Hills* adieu,
Tho' not 'thout tears at parting.
By chance there was a River near
The place, where theſe *Aſſemblers* were
Debating how to die,
Wherefore to put off all delays,
They fix'd in that to end their days
The ſooner, 'cauſe ſo nigh.
But Lord! how Puſs would backward ſhrink,
When almoſt at the very brink,
And ſigh ſhe was ſo near!
Then tell her *Beads*, and wiſh ſome *Saint*
Would help her from this damn'd reſtraint,
And eaſe her of her fear!
At laſt the leading Hares were come,

Prepar'd and ready for their Doom,
And at the Flood arriving,
A Frog or two into it skip'd,
Which made 'em look before they leap'd,
And think of longer living.
'Hark ye, (ſaid Puſs who bore the ſway)
'Fair and ſoftly wins the Day,
'There's no ſuch need to die yet,
'I'll Home again, and e'en ſubmit
'To what my Deſtiny thinks fit,
'And keep my Form in quiet.
'Troth Sirs, the fate of *Frogs* is worſe
'Than *ours*, which we at preſent curſe,
'And are ſo much afraid at:
'For we who fear moſt things beſide
'Are fear'd by them, and that's my Pride
'Since theſe are us diſmay'd at.

'Sirs,

' Sirs, it would be a pretty Jeſt
' If ſince our life is not the beſt
' It ſhould be made our loathing.
' Faith, tho' I cannot be the *Chief*,
' I have this comfort and relief,
' I'm *better far than nothing*.

MORAL

MORAL.

Hence let the Male-contented mind
Inſtructive Leſſons draw;
Nor be uneaſy, when confin'd
Within the bounds of Law.
What tho' his Purſe is ſomething drein'd,
For Peace he ne'er deſir'd,
And has in part that Prince maintain'd
Who might have all requir'd?
A Neighb'ring King's *beſt* Subjects paid
Thrice more than *William's* worſt,

And

And without Mony Laws obey'd,
When His with *Mony* curs'd.
If therefore He like *Hare* ſhould grieve
Since ſmall reſpect we ſhow Him,
Like *Hare* in Fable let Him live,
Since He has *Frogs* below Him.

FINIS.